Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did,but lookt for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me,and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Q.M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole,foole,thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbacked toade.
Haſt. False boading woman,end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To ſerue me well,you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene,and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well,and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her,ſhe is lunatique.
Q.M. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high,haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall,they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry,learne it,learne it Marquer,
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea,and much more,but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde,and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q.M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade,alas,alas,
Witnes my ſonne,now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames,thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt,
O God that ſeeſt it,do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud,loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Q.M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me hau
And ſhamefully by you m
My charitie is outrage,life
And in my ſhame ſtill liue
Buck. Haue done.
Q.Mar. O princely B
Inſigne of league and ami
Now faire befall thee,and
Thy garments are not ſpo
Nor thou within the comp
Buck. Nor no one her
The lips of thoſe that bre
Q.M. Ile not beleeue b
And there awake Gods g
O Buckingham beware of
Looke when he fawnes,he
His venome tooth will ra
Haue not to do with him,
Sinne,death, & hell haue
And all their miniſters att
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay
Buck. Nothing that I re
Q.Mar. What doeſt th
And ſoothe the diuell tha
O but remember this an o
When he ſhall ſplit thy ve
And ſay poore Margaret
Liue each of you the ſubi
And he to you,and all of y
Haſt. My haire doth ſ
Riu. And ſo doth min
Glo. I cannot blame her
She hath had too much w
My part thereof that I ha
Qu. I neuer did her a
Glo. But you haue all th
I was too hot to do ſome
That is too colde in think
Marry as for Clarence,he

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